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Stanfield, James Field
The Guinea voyage

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THE
GUINEA VOYAGE.

A
POEM.

IN THREE BOOKS.

BY
JAMES FIELD STANFIELD.

L O N D O N :

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T H E
P R E F A C E.

THE author of the following poem having given to the world a little tract, intituled, “ Observations on a Guinea Voyage,” had no intention to trouble the reader with a preface; but conceiving that the present work might fall into hands which the other had never reached, he thought it proper to say, that it was made up not from hearsay, and the communication of others, but from his own experience, (poetical figures excepted) in consequence of an actual residence on the coast of Africa, and the performance of a Guinea voyage.

He now submits his little effort to the publick, and shall feel himself amply repaid, if he can interest the feelings of but a few individuals in such a manner, as to secure their attention, and occasion them to reflect upon the subject.

May the 8th 1789.

a

ARGUMENT


ARGUMENT OF THE FIRST BOOK.

ADDRESS to the muse.—Dreariness of the subject, and difficulty of expressing it in its true colours.—Association of merchants, and outfit of the voyage.—General difficulty, and artifices used, in obtaining a crew.—Some, from the pangs of unrequited passion, rush voluntarily into the trade.—Such the case of Ruffel—his character and tale.—Character of the master of the vessel.—The crew obtained—take leave of their connexions and sail—pass by Madeira—and Canary Islands.—Exclamation to the winds.—Barbarity towards the seamen begins to make its appearance.—Apostrophe to British seamen to avoid the trade.

ARGUMENT OF THE SECOND BOOK.

THE vessel approaches the coast.—The Guardian Genius of Africa calls a council of the other presiding powers—describes to them the miseries occasioned by European visitors—
and

and proposes to each of them in his department, to rouse the different demons of the climate, and arm them to punish the invaders on board the approaching vessel.—They obey her mandate.—The morbid plagues crowd to the vindictive standard, and, taking death for their leader, stand embattled on the shore.—The vessel arrives and anchors.—Native-agents are allured, and go out on the business of the voyage.—Slaves are brought down to the vessel—are examined—purchased—put on board—and confined below.—Death, at the head of his legions, beholds the scene.—Dispatches Cruelty from the ranks to take possession of the master's heart.—Effects of this union on the crew.—The whole pestiferous body advance to the attack.—Progress of the sickness among the crew.—Death of Ruffel.—The contagion spreads.—Dishonours of the dead.—Address to the British senate.



ARGUMENT OF THE THIRD BOOK.

BENEVOLENT example of the Quakers proposed —
 The Middle Passage commences.—Night view of the slaves below.—Morning scene, when brought upon deck.—Time for messing arrives.—Some refuse sustenance, and perish.—Story of Abyeda

Abyeda.—Child-birth on the passage.—Address to the British ladies.—The slaves arrive in the colonies—are sold by scramble—are separated from their connexions, and landed.—Address to Divine Justice—efforts of mercy.—Abolition of the slave trade anticipated—prophetick view of Africa after the abolition.



T H E
G U I N E A V O Y A G E.

B O O K T H E F I R S T.

TH E direful voyage to Guinea's fultry shore,
And Afric's wrongs indignant Muse ! deplore.
The Muse, alas ! th' opprobrious theme disdains,
And starts abhorrent from th' unhallow'd strains.
How blest the bard whom happier themes inspire,
Who wakes with kindred lays his melting lyre ;
Whose liquid tones by sympathy impart,
Joy's glad emotions to the feeling heart !
O far from me the notes which pleasure sings !
With trembling rage I sweep the harsher strings.
My grating shell shou'd wound the tortur'd ear,
For discord only can be music here.
Be mine such deadly notes as fiercely pour
The shrieks of anguish on the midnight hour !
Be mine the broken strain, the fearful sound,
That wildly winds the howling death-song round !

A

Come

Come then, O heav'nly Muse ! with Sybil-bough,
Lead thro' the horrors of these scenes of woe :
Support the fainting weakness that recoils
At well-known griefs, and long-supported toils :
Extend thine hand where threat'ning gulphs are spread ;
Lift thy broad shield where storms beat round the head :
Illume the dreary waste—inspire the lay—
Guide my weak pow'rs along the arduous way :
Help me to paint the melancholy view,
The dismal track of ocean to pursue,
And with the Eagle-eye of Truth pervade
All the dark mazes of th' *inhuman Trade*.

O could the verse but to my wishes move,
No spicy zephyrs borne on wings of love,
No gentle pinions, fanning spring-tide air,
Should give one image, or be mentioned here.
Thy black *Tornado*, ill-star'd *Afric*—thine—
Should be the model of my varied line !
On the still diction of the mournful strain,
The rising darkness should profusely reign :
The sable cloud should wrap the fullen song,
And in grand melancholy sweep along :
Then, by degrees, with gath'ring horror fraught,
Tempestuous numbers, and electric thought,
Shake the big thunder—dart th' indignant beam—
Till the full torrent pour'd the headlong stream,

Whelm'd

Whelm'd ev'ry bursting breast in twofold ire,
Grief's melting show'r—and indignation's fire.

At length the harden'd merchants close combine,
And midnight Council broods the black design;
Strikes the first link of the tremend'ous chain,
Whose motion vibrates thro' the realms of pain.
Th' insatiate thirst of av'rice to supply,
Or fill the pomp of fancy's changing eye,
For vice, intemp'rance, passion, to provide,
To dress up folly, or to pamper pride,
The dev'lish *traffic*'s plann'd. Now busy care
Furrows each face, and clamours rend the air.
The founding anvil shakes the distant main,
Forging with pond'rous strokes th' accursed chain.
Th' attractive *outfit* claims each bustling hand:
Confusion works, and uproar gives command.

But arduous most (and that which most prevails,
And day and night th' unwearied mind assails)
Of Neptune's sons a dauntless crew to gain,
To steer their vessel through the boist'rous main.
For this a tribe confed'rate take the wing,
And round resistless youth their poisons fling.
Polluted dens of infamy they throng,
With painted vice, to raise the Syren-song;
With specious arts subdue th' unwary mind,
Then close their web, and fast their victims bind.

At length with debts fictitious charge their case,
And make a *dungeon* stare them in the face.

Shut now from comfort, agoniz'd with grief,
Hopeless alike of justice, or relief——
One only portal opes the gloomy road ;
One dire condition bursts the drear abode.

Slav'ry's dark genius heaves the iron door,
And, grinning ghastly, points to *Guinea's* shore——

The mad'ning wretch now leaves the prison gate,
And feels with horror his approaching fate.
Some few, the voluntary woe embrace,
Sore from false friends, or undeserv'd disgrace ;
Subdu'd by pow'r, by fell misfortune worn,
Or by the pangs of hopeless passion torn ;
Weary of griefs no patience can endure ;
They seek the *Lethe* of a mortal cure.

Such, *Ruffel*—lov'd companion, faithful friend !
Such were thy motives, such thy purpos'd end.
Thy harmless spirit—gentlest of thy kind,
Was ne'er to savage cruelty inclin'd,
Long happy *Afric* would have seen her sons
Crowd freedom's plains, beneath protecting thrones ;
E're thy meek hand—in virtue only brave,
Had put one fetter on the prostrate slave !

Far other feelings his mild soul imprest ;
Far other ardours shook his hopeless breast.

With

With purest passion long his bosom beat,
 Its rise propitious, and its progress sweet.
 Returning love diffus'd the nameless charm,
 And met his hopes, in virgin blushes warm.
 In mutual confidence and fondness blest,
 No guilt alarm'd, nor fear disturb'd the breast.
 But eyes parental, film'd with doubtful hue,
 (That with inverted glass youth's prospects view,)
 Mark'd the soft transports of their chaste delight,
 And peevish envy sicken'd at the sight.
 With keen infliction giv'n, the stern command
 Cut with relentless stroke the tender band.
 The pious maid, with duteous, fearful smart,
 Tore the fond lover from her trembling heart.
 Despairing, doating—with distracted mien—
 He flew the spot, and chang'd the heav'nly scene;
 Rush'd to the rigours of the frozen Pole,
 To quench the conflicts of his fervid soul:
 His fervid griefs the frozen aid deny,
 And brave the winter of an arctic sky;
 Thence by the winds and fiercer passions blown,
 He tries the ardours of the flaming zone.
 Seeking with hopeless agony to find
 Extremes like those, which shook his tortur'd mind;
 From cold despair's keen night and icy sway,
 To all the scorplings of Love's burning ray.

See o'er the glossy wave the vessel skim,
 In swelling garments proud, and neatest trim,
 Glitt'ring in streamers, deck'd in painted guile,
 Cov'ring the latent bane with specious smile,
 In shining colours, splendidly array'd,
 Assume the honours of an *honest trade*,
 And hide, beneath a prostituted glare,
 The poison'd purpose, and th' insidious snare.

The crew for once now raise th' associate strain,
 And the last drops from pleasure's goblet drain.
 The gloomy *master* views with looks malign
 Their short-liv'd mirth, and hugs the black design——
 Feeds his dark rancour with the foul alloy——
 How soon the impending fate will damn their joy.

So when primeval bliss through *Eden* stream'd,
 And young-ey'd innocence on pleasure beam'd,
 With heedless joy the unsuspecting pair,
 Revell'd in guiltless rapture, void of care.
 Stung with the sight, the foul-ensnaring fiend,
Slav'ry's first author, with fell rancour grinn'd;
 Fermenting envy swell'd the villain-thought——
 How soon his kindred mates, with malice fraught,
Sin, pain, and death, would throw their shades between,
 And blast with horror the delightful scene,
 Change the lov'd converse and th' enchanting air,
 To shrieks of woe and howlings of despair!

Now

Now toft beneath the vefſel's ample ſide,
 The laſt boat lingers on the breaking tide.
 The bending deck receives the parting crow'd ;
 And ſhades of ſorrow ev'ry face o'ercloud ;
 Affociates, friends, comprefs the burning hand ;
 In pale dejection weeping maidens ſtand—
 Prefageful, eye the liquid, wild abyſs,
 And wet with tender tears the trembling kiſs ;
 Sink from the nerveleſs arm, in loſt diſmay,
 As the dread ſignal ſpeeds the boat away ;
 Three ſoul-expanding ſhouts the ſkies divide ;
 Three wild, responsive cheers re-echo wide—
 The ſweet vibrations tremble on the ear
 The laſt delightful ſounds they'll ever hear !
 And now the refluent boat evades the fight,
 High-mountaining waves the veſſels diſunite.
 Still the white ſignal, fading, ſtrains the eyes,
 Still the lorn lover with his hand replies ;
 Till melting into air—the object loſt—
 And duty ſternly calling to his poſt,
 'Twixt him and joy th' eternal curtain's drawn,
 No more of bliſs to know another dawn.

Swift from the breezy north, aſſiſting gales
 Impel the courſe, and ſwell the yielding ſails.
 Before the fightleſs breeze the veſſel flies,
 Clambers the mountain ſea, and braves the ſkies ;

Or

Or thund'ring down the depths that foam below,
 Ploughs up the frothy brine with dashing prow:
 The rattling cordage whirls, the sail-yards strain,
 The winding pipe re-echoes o'er the main:
 Firm in their stations, ply th' obedient crowd,
 Trim the directing lines, and strain the shroud;
 Tug at the beating sheets with finew'd force,
 And give the vast machine its steady course.

Now, all that meets the vainly straining eye,
 Is boundless ocean and unmeasur'd sky.
 Unless perchance, beyond the wat'ry trace,
Iberia's purple hills th' horizon grace:
 Or on the right, with a whole vintage red,
 Storm-beat *Madeira* waves her woody head.

Still o'er the pathless waste, with rapid force,
 Led by th' encreasing ray, we urge the course.
 Surrounding dolphins gambol o'er the tide,
 And deck the blue-green wave with silver pride:
 Swift from the beauteous tyrant, the weak fry
 Forfake the flood, and arid æther try,
 Spread the moist wing—attempt th' untoward height,
 And in short soarings urge their trembling flight.
 The breathing porpus cleaves his pond'rous way,
 The flouncing skipjacks bound in liquid play;
 Bonitoes court the spray on either side,
 And Albicores in shining mazes glide:

While

While huge Leviathan, in monarch mood,
Spooms, like an island, thro' the subject flood.

At length assisted by the boreal breeze,
And southward urg'd by swift-pursuing seas,
Close in our liquid path blue mountains rise,
Lifting their misty summits to the skies ;
The clust'ring isles, (once fortune's own domain)
That break the surges of th' *Atlantic* main.

Next on our left, rear'd by volcanic fires,
Shading all ocean, *Teneriffe* aspires,
Above the topmost clouds, with giant might,
Heaves his *Promethean* peak to seize the light,
And thro' conducting veins, with chemic pow'r,
Recruits exhausted nature's fiery store.
While from the West ambrosial scents exhale,
As *Palma* shakes her orchards to the gale.
Up from the rocky beach the clusters run,
And spread their purple ripeness to the sun.

These scenes, alas ! we pass with luckless speed,
And all their beauties rapidly recede.
For, from the mazy chambers of the sky,
Loos'd by chill *Boreas*, all the breezes fly ;
And from the pole with force gigantick hurl'd,
Urge our swift passage through the wat'ry world.

Unconscious winds, why waft your speeding gales ?
Why breathe your influence on the ruffian sails ?

Is it yon ensign, waving high in air,
 With *British* crimson dy'd, that claims your care?
 Alas! unconscious winds—yon waving red,
 With *British* honours so profanely spread,
 Is not the hallow'd standard, whose high fame
 Leads *Albion's* sons to deeds of proud acclaim;
 Is not the flag, with whose protecting sway
 Commerce embolden'd tries the wat'ry way.
 Beneath that specious banner, the dark pow'r
 Of savage rigour ripens ev'ry hour:
 The bloating poison swells the feeble bound,
 And bursting throws the rankled venom round.

Now restless tyranny triumphant reigns,
 For now no prospect of retreat remains.
 Far from fair freedom's blissful regions thrown,
 The mournful seamen heave th' unheeded groan.
 At ev'ry movement of th' imperious brow,
 Beneath rude hands, the hapless victims bow.
 Should discontent be seen, or angry eye,
 Struck to the deck the prostrate suff'ers lie:
 Or to the shrouds ingloriously bound,
 They feel the lash in many a smarting wound.
 Nor can resentment lift th' avenging hand—
 With funken spirits, and a frame unmann'd—
 For (now the meal in stinted scraps supplied,
 And cheering bev'rage purposely denied.)

The

The vital current flags—th' finews faint,
 Th' exhausted voice scarce breathes the weak complaint :
 A torpid languor feizes ev'ry vein,
 And the soul sinks beneath th' oppressive chain.

Ye sons of *Britain*, who, in dangers brave,
 Dare all the tumults of th' uncertain wave ;
 Whose dauntless minds alike with ardour glow,
 To waft fair commerce, or to meet the foe ;
 O shun the fatal course !—the torrid ray
 Will wither else each active pow'r away :
 Unnerv'd at length the common fate you'll meet,
 And gasp resistless at your tyrant's feet.
 Then with the last-drawn groan of deep despair
 You'll curse the day that gave you vital air !

END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

T H E]

GUINEA VOYAGE.

BOOK THE SECOND.

HIGH, where primeval forests shade the land,
And in majestic, solemn, order stand,
A sacred station raises now its seat
O'er the loud stream, that murmurs at its feet,
Of *Niger*, rushing thro' the fertile plains,
Swell'd by the cataracts of tropic rains,
Long 'ere furcharg'd his turgid flood divides,
To burst on ocean in three thund'ring tides.
Thither high-seated in an iv'ry car,
Glitt'ring with gold express'd in many a star,
By alligators drawn in dread array,
Afric's aërial empress bends her way.
The spicy breezes throw their sweets around;
With pealing strains the hollow woods resound:
A train of nymphs surround the radiant pow'r,
And duteous lead her to the regal bow'r.

Amidst

Amidst the splendours, that thus round her shone,
 Th' imperial mistress fill'd the Sylvan throne.
 Th' Hesperian sun from the descent of day
 Beam'd on her front serene a languid ray.
 About her fandal'd feet, in sapient mood,
 The river-gods, an awful council, stood :
 And ev'ry pow'r, that rul'd the burning clime,
 Sat in the crowded court with port sublime :
 When round th' august Divan a mournful look
 Cast the sad Queen, and thus the silence broke.

Ye various rulers of th' extended shores,
 Where bounteous day his brightest radiance pours ;
 On whose ripe vales the fat'ning deluge flows,
 Luxuriance sits, eternal summer glows ;
 Say, can ye longer brook the savage hand,
 That, with rapacious av'rice, thins the land ?
 Can ye resistless see the ruthless chain
 Still spread its horrors o'er th' unpeopled plain ?
 Look over yonder main that shakes the shores,
 Where yon green-promontory's summit soars,
 The tawny sail our surging bulwark braves,
 (Cruel the winds, and treacherous the waves)
Europe's pale sons direct the barb'rous prow,
 And bring their stores and instruments of woe.

Say, shall these tyrants with inhuman aim
 Our hapless sons and weeping daughters claim ?

Shall

Shall we—O blind!—still aid the ruffian band,
 That stains our coast, and bares our wretched land?
 Our realms, alas! abandon'd to despair,
 Supinely sunk, the slavish shackles wear:
 Surges in vain defend the burning strand;
 In vain impervious forests fence the land.
 Our native monsters treach'rous tameness shew,
 Forget their fury, and admit the foe;
 Our rebel crocodiles their fierceness lose,
 Shrouding their treason in the gelid ooze;
 Our stingsless serpents twine in gentle play,
 And harmless tygers crop the flow'ry spray;
 The recreant lion smooths his savage eye,
 While the dire spoiler stalks unheeded by.
 Fly to your sep'rate realms, ye chiefs of worth,
 And call the vengeful pow'rs of *Afric* forth;
 Summon disease, with all her ghastly brood,
 To greet these traffickers in human blood.
 Call forth the terrors of the fervid skies;
 Bid misty demons from your marshes rise;
 With congregated horrors crowd the plain—
 And drive these pallid robbers o'er the main!

An awful murmur instantly transpires—
 Th' applause, that wisdom gives, when genius fires;
 Not the vain shout the shallow rabble draws,
 But conscious judgment's well-approving pause.

Nor with weak praise they greet the scepter'd fair,
But speed to execute th' important care.

Now thro' the dusky air they range their flight,
Veil'd by the cov'ring of the baleful night.
To thousand realms the charge vindictive flies :
In thousand realms their summon'd furies rise ;
To the dark stores of pain they fly to arm—
And, there prepar'd, the dreadful legions swarm.

Red from the foggy east the sun ascends,
And gleams new terror on th' envenom'd fiends :
Round their ghaunt leaders throng th' unfightly host,
Rear the black sign, and fill th' allotted post.
In heavy columns troops *lethargic* sound,
Flap their huge wings, and throw their opiates round.
Fierce o'er the field conflagrant squadrons bend,
And fiery *fevers* thro' the regions send.
While from moist clouds, which brood o'er deserts bare,
Where *Lambre's* stagnant lake pollutes the air,
Puffs frigid *agues* in th' alternate row,
And give their chill variety to woe.

But chief—the multitude that crowds the field,
That points the spear, and lifts the Gorgon shield,
Breaks from the slimy marsh and swampy plains,
Where proud *Benin* in triple bulwark reigns.
Call'd by the zenith sun, the putrid band
Spreads its corrosive poisons o'er the land :

Myriads

Myriads of sprites their acrid venoms throw,
And *colic* arrows fly from ev'ry bow.

Rang'd in broad horror, with extended line,
In dread battalia the grim spectres shine ;
Unnumber'd, gory standards wave around,
And shrieks and groans (their native music) found.
But now, a dreadful pause—spread wide and far—
Throws more than terror o'er the baleful war.
Such dreadful pause shall frighted nature feel,
'Ere the last trump resounds th' eternal peal.

For full in front, bedew'd with orphan's tears,
Their ghastly leader, Night-born *Death* appears.

Mean while the turgid blasts the sails expand,
And drive the vessel to the destin'd land ;
Anchor'd at length, and pass'd the wat'ry way,
She opes her luring treasures to the day ;
Such treasures as beguile the savage mind,
And leave no marks, but those of vice, behind.

Quick the deluded natives wing their way,
And prowl insatiate for the destin'd prey,
Unfeeling *av'rice* helps t'extend the wound,
And flyly hurls the flaming brand around.
See—his fell torches spread devouring fires !
The peaceful village in the blaze expires.
Sunk in the terrors of their burning rage,
Lie helpless *infancy* and feeble *age* ;

cityM

While

While *Vigour*—flying the consuming ray,
'Scapes but to drag in chains the ling'ring day.

Nor these the only ills that haunt the shore,
And spring destructive from the freighted store.
The hind returning from his daily care,
Seiz'd in the thicket, feels the ruffian snare.
Mean while his anxious wife, with eager eye,
Looks on the homeward path, and evening sky.
Children, bereft, the nightly boon require,
And anxious call their slow-returning fire.
Ne'er shall returning fire his children bless—
Ne'er shall the weeping wife her husband press—
For av'rice, bursting ev'ry tender band,
Sweeps, like a deluge, thro' the hapless land!

Slow to the shores now march the fetter'd crowd,
Tugging their chains, or bent beneath the load.
Torn from all kindred ties dismay'd they stand,
While prying cruelty's insulting hand
Minutely vigilant, with butcher skill,
Turns the dejected victim at it's will,
And (ev'ry limb, and ev'ry joint survey'd)
Completes the practice of the brutal trade.

Now the sad purchase—Heav'n's! my pow'rs refuse,
Tho' truth illumines, and tho' fires the muse.
Nature recoils, and in her depths profound,
Receives, heart-struck, the parricidal wound!

As the wan traders pay *the price of blood*,
 O'er the black prospect gathering terrors brood :
 The guardian spirits look with horror down,
 And change their mattins to one hideous groan.
 E'en the bright angel, sent t' enrol the deed
 By heav'n born *Justice*,—turns aside his head ;
 And as th' infernal crime his fingers trace,
 Hides, with his snowy vest, his tortur'd face.

The purchase made, in fable terrors drest,
 The ship receives each agitated guest.
 Torn as his bosom is, still wonder grows,
 As o'er the vast machine the victim goes,
 Wonder, commix'd with anguish, shakes his frame
 At the strange sight his language cannot name.
 For all that meets his eye, above, below,
 Seems but to him the instruments of woe.
 The yawning deck now opes the dreary cell ;
 Hot mists exhale in many a putrid smell.
 Confin'd with chains, at length the hapless slave,
 Plung'd in the darkness of the floating cave,
 With horror sees the hatch-way close his sight——
 His last hope leaves him with the parting light !

This saw the ghastly chief, as on the shore,
 He waited with his host th' avenging hour ;
 Quick, from the ranks he calls a blood-nurs'd fiend,
 Hell sees no direr from her womb ascend :

'Twas

'Twas on a rack the monster held his stand ;
 A scorpion scourge wav'd in his wither'd hand ;
 Snaky his locks—his eye-balls roll'd in flame ;
Sin's second-born, and *Cruelty* his name.

Fly, says the night-born chief, without delay,
 To where yon vessel rides the wat'ry way.
 Upon the *master* all your influence pour,
 And join with him to speed th' avenging hour,
 Soon shall my fiends your red-stain'd track pursue,
 And close the carnage on the ruffian crew.

The mandate giv'n, quick from the rack he flies,
 And to the *master* turns his stedfast eyes ;
 Down, like the lightning's fury, rushes prone,
 And on his heart erects his bloody throne.

Inspired thus, and thus his heart possesseth,
 New tumults kindle in his flaming breast.
Pallid or *black*—the *free* or *fetter'd* band,
 Fall undistinguish'd by his ruffian hand.
 Nor age's awe, nor sex's softness charm ;
 Nor law, nor feeling, stop his blood-steep'd arm.
 While, skill'd in ev'ry torture that can rend,
 O'er gasping heaps exults th' associate fiend.

Mark, how in hellish wantonness, he calls
 Yon trembling innocent—the sight appals !
 The weeping sacrifice, with nerveless pace,
 Obeys the mandate—while his infant face

The butcher seizing, with infernal hold,
Hastens his gripe in lacerating fold ;
In his torn mouth the wounded passage finds,
And thro' the mangled cheeks his fingers winds !

This but his first essay. Inspir'd anew,
He seeks fresh tortures for his trembling crew.
Convolv'd in pangs, that rev'rend form survey
Beneath his country's wars and commerce grey,
Now writhes his tortur'd frame ! The scourges ply—
And from the lash the quiv'ring morsels fly.

Invention next, from her exhaustless stores,
O'er the bare bones the venom lotion pours,
Whose acrid salts in searching conflict dart,
With pungent anguish barbing ev'ry smart :
The tortur'd fibres their last feeling strain,
And life just vibrates on the strings of pain !

Nor this the close : between his toothless jaws
The furious monster the thwart iron draws——
The poor relief to wail his fate denied,
And the hot gore sent down in choaking tide,
Unnat'rally return'd with horrid force,
Dire meal ! again to throb its wasted course !

But while new tortures raise the piercing cry,
And wound with dreadful fight the wearied eye,
Th' avenging hour arrives—in dreadful din
The troops of wan disease their march begin.

With

With eagle eye they trace the fatal road
 Their agent *cruelty* had mark'd with blood.
 Death, ghastly death, the fable standard bears,
 And at their head in all his pow'r appears.

Now droops the head in faint dejection hung,
 Now raging thirst enflames the dry parch'd tongue ;
 In yellow films the rayless eye is set,
 With chilling dews the loaded brow is wet ;
 Fierce thro' the burning roads of purple life,
 The various venoms rush with rival strife,
 Their poisons thro' th' intestine mazes bear,
 The viscous linings from their channels tear ;
 Pour with corroding deluge thro' the frame,
 And whelm the vitals in the liquid flame.

Th' infected air, upon her loaded wings,
 Thro' the warm ship the green contagion flings.
 Strew'd o'er the filthy deck, the fever'd lie,
 And for cool moisture raise the feeble cry ;
 The pitying messmate brings the cheering draught,
 And, in the pious act, the venom'd shaft,
 Repays the charity with barb ingrate,
 And whelms the foother in the kindred fate.

Three misty funs in beamless grief arose,
 And glimmer'd, *Russel*, on thy mortal woes !
 The fourth beheld th' eternal angel nigh,
 As friendship speechless watch'd thy fading eye.

While

While throbs convulsive thy strain'd vitals wrung,
 One only murmur trembled on thy tongue,
 One sov'reign accent rack'd thy parting frame—
 The rending sounds, that form'd *Maria's* name!
 And as thy last pulse beat with quiv'ring chill,
 Thy trembling eye-balls look'd *Maria* still.

The gloomy King in joy insatiate strides,
 And o'er the havock dreadfully presides;
 No speedy exit to the suff'rer shews,
 But makes him linger out his painful woes.
 In livid clouds the fallow skin is vein'd.
 With putrid sores the ghastly form is stain'd:
 The palsied limbs refuse their wonted aid;
 'Midst filth and blood the meagre body's laid;
 Hunger's fell worm tugs with incessant rage,
 And arid thirst, no potions can assuage:
 Corrosive pain prolongs the wrankling wound,
 'Ere franchis'd life can leap the burning bound,
 All that with anguish can afflict the mind,
 With all that racks the dying frame conjoin'd.

Nor does the flaming sword of vengeance sheath,
 Tho' the last pang be paid to victor death.
 O'er the fall'n reliques new dishonours brood;
 Unholy fury rends the sacred shroud;
 If to the sea consign'd—the hallow'd corse
 The briny monsters seize with savage force.

If

If to the fresh'ning flood the lifeless clay,
 Rank alligators seize the quiv'ring prey.
 Or when, more favour'd, on the burning land
 The kindred dust is mix'd with solemn hand,
 Fierce from his nightly watch and native wood,
 Lur'd by the distant scent of morbid blood
 The tiger rushes by foul carnage led,
 From the fresh tomb tears up the the reeking dead,
 Devours the mangled limbs—churns the chill gore——
 The last avenger of th' insulted shore !

Like the wild screaming of the midnight blast,
 'Midst the torn cordage of the shatter'd mast,
 With notes that pierce th' unwholsome welkin through,
 The shrill-blown pipe convenes the remnant crew.
 The remnant crew their o'ercharg'd bosoms smite,
 And rise to join the melancholy rite.
 With painful steps the burning deck they crowd,
 Or pensive hang upon the slacken'd shroud ;
 Speechless they mark the foul presageful wave,
 That, *Russel*—parting, opes thy fluid grave !

The jutting hatch, a fable bier, is laid,
 The pitchy pall throws a funereal shade,
 His honour'd corse in awful form dispos'd,
 Decent his clay-cold limbs—his eyelids clos'd ;
 The ringlet dear, which once *Maria* grac'd,
 Upon his breast by holy friendship plac'd ;

The sinking iron flung with duteous pains,
 In shrouded canvass wrapt his cold remains,
 A rev'rent silence the sad prospect draws ;
 The sacred liturgy, with solemn pause
 Swells the sad sound, at whose *inverted* doom,
 Plung'd in th' abyss, he finds the liquid tomb !

O ye, who form the Senatorian band,
 And help to guide the councils of the land,
 Say, can ye hear these tales of mortal woe,
 And bid your tears forget their task to flow ?
 Are there among you, whose exalted plan
 'Tis to assuage the sufferings of man ?
 Are there, who, proud of Britain's publick name,
 Pronounce her navy fountain of her fame ?
 Are there sincerely good among her sons
 And that there are exulting Britain owns ?
 O timely join your sympathetick aid
 To blast the horrors of th' infernal trade !
 So shall your busts each rescu'd infant press,
 Mothers unborn for living sons shall bless.
 So shall posterity to latest age
 Engrave your names upon her fairest page,
 And weave a crown, to those alone decreed,
 Who rescue *millions* by one glorious deed.

END OF THE SECOND BOOK.

T H E
G U I N E A V O Y A G E.

B O O K T H E T H I R D.

B L E S T—ever blest, remain the gentle band !
Whose peaceful spirits and whose Christian hand,
Have loos'd the fetters of the captive race,
And bid fair freedom seize oppression's place.
Friends be their well-earn'd name, emphatic given,
Friends to mankind, and delegates of heaven !
No frantic wars disgrace their mild abodes ;
Nor rigour bends, nor selfish guile corrodes ;
Nor impious oath their pure affirmance stains ;
Peace lights their gentle path, and wisdom reigns.
Freedom, simplicity, religion's rays
Combin'd, restore *Astræa's* golden days.
O would mankind the bright example view,
Pursue the smooth track, the godlike aim pursue !
Would they conjoin'd the virtuous purpose aid,
Soon the black vitals of th' opprobrious trade

D

Would

Would fail, soon cease the blood-disfigur'd scene,
 The captive's woe, the victim's trembling mein,
 And all the ills (a lamentable train)
 That now demand the renovated strain.

The hateful purchase made—compressive stow'd,
 The floating dungeon with th' unnat'ral load
 Is cramm'd profane: immers'd in deadly gloom,
 The shackled sufferers wait th' expected doom,
 Till the bark, glutted with the purchased gore,
 Hoists the full sail, and quits the wasted shore.

Now from the scanty crew the goblins dire
 Avert a while the dart: the fiends require
 A fuller carnage. On the hapless train,
 T' avenge whose wrongs they left the burning plain,
 They turn insatiate; and with recreant rage,
 On the chain'd sufferers wars atrocious wage.

Soon as umbrageous night on raven-wings
 O'er the sad freight her dewy opiates flings,
 Pack'd in close misery, the reeking crowd,
 Sweltering in chains, pollute the hot abode.
 In painful rows with studious art compress'd,
 Smoking they lie, and breathe the humid pest:
 Moist'n'd with gore, on the hard platform ground,
 The bare-rub'd joint soon bursts the painful bound;
 Sinks in th' obdurate plank with racking force,
 And ploughs,—dire task, its agonizing course!

Nor

Nor can they turn to an exchange of pains,
 Prest in their narrow cribs, and girt with chains,
 Th' afflictive posture all relief denies,
 Recruiting sleep the squalid mansion flies,
 In one long groan the feeble throng unite ;
 One strain of anguish wastes the lengthen'd night.

With broad'ning disk, and slow increasing ray,
 Up from old ocean climbs the orb of day.
 Then the drear hatchway morning hands disclose,
 And point the sufferers to a change of woes.

Soon as the gorged cell of dim disease
 Ope the sick passage to a quicker breeze,
 From the rank maw, belched up in morbid steam,
 The hot mist thickens in the side-long beam ;
 When from the noisome cave, the drooping crowd,
 In fetter'd pairs break through the misty cloud
 With keen despair they eye the morning's glow,
 And curse the added day that swells their woe.
 Wet with foul damps, behold the sad array
 Disclose their mis'ry to th' unpitying day.
 Look at yon wretch (a melancholy case !)
 Grief in his eye, despair upon his face ;
 His fellow—see—from orbs of blood-shot ire
 On his pale tyrants dart th' indignant fire !

Striving with feeble force to press the grate,
 Yon struggling suff'rer heaves a pond'rous weight.

Stripes from the founding lash, fierce drawn, succeed,
 To give the fainting trembler hapless speed.
 Alas! the founding lash applies in vain;
 For close united by the fest'ring chain,
 His dead companion up th' untoward height,
 (Struck by the mortal ministers of night)
 The living victim tugs with painful throes;
 Himself, less blest, reserv'd for keener woes.

Now hot black clouds in spreading volumes rise:
 Now culinary uproar shakes the skies.
 Spread through the venom'd ship, with bustling care,
 A joyless meal the tyrant-whites prepare.
 Marshal'd around th' unwish'd-for mess they lie,
 And the strange nutriments discons'late eye.
 Sunk with dejection, some the viands spare,
 Some with keen scorn reject the proffer'd fare,
 Keep the superior pride, that nerves the brave,
 Nor, free-born, taste the portion of a slave.
 But see the scourge, that spares nor sex nor age,
 Stripe follows stripe, in boundless, brutal rage.
 See the vile engines in the hateful cause
 Are plied relentless; in the straining jaws
 The wrenching instruments with barbarous force
 Shew the detested food th' unwilling course.
 But vain are torments; fenced by deathless bounds
 Beyond the reach of agonizing wounds,

Midst

'Midst adamantine bulwarks thron'd serene,
 Immortal *freedom* holds superior reign ;
 Smiles from the heights of his eternal tower
 On tyrant's malice, and oppression's power.

In the thick gloom of yonder pensive shade
 Is lost *Abyeda's* wretched form display'd,
Abyeda, once among the vocal throng
 The theme and mistress of each rural song :
 Once the blithe leader of each festive scene,
 That woke the music of the joyous green.
 Ne'er did such nymph before her brightness lave
 Within *Formosa's* deep, translucent wave.
 O'er her smooth form grace threw her waving line,
 And beauty wandered in the rich design.

Unrivall'd long had liv'd the happy maid ;
 And many a hero had her love essay'd.
 But youthful *Quam'no* was the virgin's pride ;
 Her friend, protector, and her faithful guide.
 Fast by her side he kept his guardian way,
 Left treach'rous *Whites* should seize the tempting prey.
 The fresh'ning cocoas from their height he bore,
 Clust'ring bananas spread their juicy store,
 The spotted spoils too deck'd her rural bow'r,
 When from the chace, in the dear ev'ning hour,
 Glowing, she met him with the welcome smile ;
 Pleas'd, and yet anxious at the manly toil.

And

And now through dewy dawn, the rising ray
 Lights up the radiance of their bridal day.
 With early nymphs within the busy room,
 Amidst the labours of the flying loom
 Of vivid tints she plied the various thread ;
 The long-plann'd work, to grace the nuptial bed.
 With beating steps resounds the hollow floor ;
 To rapid strokes responds the clam'rous door.
 With breathless energy she flies amain,
 To meet her *Quam'no* and the bridal train.
 Alas ! no *Quam'no* meets her eager eye—
 In rush the spoilers with detested cry,
 Seize with rapacious force the trembling prey ;
 And to the shore the hapless maid convey.

When urg'd by rage, or hunger's burning force,
 The rav'ning lion darts his furious course,
 And through the num'rous herd undaunted goes ;
 So *Quam'no* rushes through the crowd of foes.
 Carves his fierce way, entwines the fainting maid ;
 But vain protection ;—lo ! a treach'rous blade,
 Darted behind him with unerring aim,
 Impales him deep ; convuls'd the bleeding frame,
 Plunges indignant o'er the tainted ground,
 Life rolls his torrent through the yawning wound,
 O'er his fierce eyes death's hideous shadows move
 With fable veil, and shut out light and love.

Abyeda

Abyeda now upon the lifeless form,
 Sinks in despair beneath the trying storm.
 The murd'rous stroke that mark'd his early tomb,
 Involves her intellects in deadly gloom.
 Her wounded reason the sad mansion flies :
 Sense wanders widely, and reflection dies !

Now (scourges having long their fury spent)
 Gloomy and sad, beneath oppression bent,
 Round her gall'd neck the fest'ring iron winds,
 And to the gloomy mast oppressive binds.
 Sad strains of feeble melancholy flow ;
 Half-meaning fragments of recorded woe,
 In wild succession break the pensive lay,
 Through the drear night and lamentable day.
 Her sad associates lift the melting tones,
 And join each cadence with according groans.
 But sick'ning nature with the burden reels ;
 O'er her wan face the deadly jaundice steals ;
 The spirits die ; the nerveless limb's unstrung ;
 With mortal gripe the wounded heart-string's wrung ;
 Fix'd her sunk eye—her love-lorn ditty fails,
 Life beats tumultuous 'gainst the feeble pales—
 Convulsive throbs expel the final breath,
 And o'er the fatal close fits ghastly death.

Hark ! from yon lodge in many a wounding groan
 A lab'ring fair one raise the feeble moan !

Swift to the darksome cell the females fly,
To still the tumult of th' expected cry :
Join the deep woe with one combin'd exclaim ;
As pangs maternal shake her drooping frame.
Heav'ns ! what a mansion for the tender woes,
The painful travail partial nature throws
Upon the gentler sex—When lenient art
And soothing care should cheer the fainting heart,
Here, with dejected wretchedness enclos'd,
To brutal hands and impious eyes expos'd,
Her sacred sorrows the sad crisis press,
Occurrent horrors, premature distress,
Spread with foul clouds the inauspicious ray,
That opes the new-born victim's doleful day !

Behold her bending o'er her infant charge,
Hear the laments her copious grief enlarge.
“ Ill-fated innocent (she wailing cries)
“ Thou joy and anguish of these aching eyes,
“ Of parent misery the hapless heir,
“ Thy mother gives the welcome of despair ;
“ Greets thy unconscious smile with throbbing fears ;
“ Repays thy fondness with presageful tears.
“ Where now the joys should light the holy bow'r ?
“ Where the sweet hopes that wings the natal hour ?
“ Nor hope's blest dawn shall e'er thy fancy warm ;
“ Nor joy's sweet smile e'er cheer thy mortal form.

No

" No father hails thee with a conscious pride ;
 " Thy future worth no flatt'ring friends decide :
 " A wretched mother press'd by tyrant fate,
 " Can yield no succour to thy helpless state :
 " The spoiler's chains, that load her languid frame,
 " By spoiler's right thy fetter'd service claim."

For ev'ry virtue fam'd, ye British fair,
 Can ye this foul reproach unheeded bear ?
 O rise auspicious, lead the lib'ral train,
 That aims to shake oppression's iron reign.
 A nation's councils oft' your pow'r obey ;
 The wars of nations own your sov'reign sway.
 In soft humanity's congenial course,
 Your kindling charms will claim resistless force :
 When beauty lifts her eye in mis'ry's cause,
 Compassion wakes, and follows with applause.

Fainting with such a course of loathsome views
 And length of horrors, the dejected muse
 Spreads her tir'd wings, and, with desponding mien,
 Flies o'er the close of the destructive scene ;
 Sees the dire bark 'midst direr regions steer ;
 Hears the plung'd anchor tell grim flav'ry near ;
 Beholds the fell receivers quickly pour
 In savage swarms upon the blood-stain'd shore,
 Sees them approach with all their store of chains,
 To load (curst act !) oppression's weak remains.

Now o'er the gloomy ship, in villain guise,
 The shrouding canvass drawn, shuts out the skies.
 The pitchy curtain throws a shade between,
 (Meet apparatus for the horrid scene,)
 Rang'd all in rows, and station'd at command,
 In trembling state the wretched victims stand;
 And dumb and almost lifeless they await
 The dreadful signal that's to mark their fate.

With cords now furnish'd, and the impious chain,
 And all the hangman-garniture of pain,
 Rush the dread fiends, and with impetuous sway,
 Fasten rapacious on the shudd'ring prey.
 What shrieks of terror reach the sick'ning skies,
 What floods of anguish drown their wounded eyes,
 As strife tumultuous shakes the *scrambling* brood,
Scrambling for human flesh—for kindred blood
 Struck with dismay, see yonder fainting heap
 Yon rushing group plunge headlong in the deep
 (With the fierce blast extinct the vital fires)
 Yon falling maid, shrieks—shivers—and expires.
 As in close folds the fated victims cling,
 Their circling cords the ruffian agents fling;
 Tear from the lock'd embrace the weeping spoil,
 As av'rice marks it capable of toil;
 And binding into lots the struggling band,
 Drag them ferocious to the wasteful land.

Now

Now in the surge is dipp'd the bladed oar,
 And wafts a boat-load to the guilty shore.
 One dreadful shriek assaults th' affrighted sky,
 As to their friends the parted victims cry.
 With imprecating screams of horror wild,
 The frantick mother calls her fever'd child.
 One universal tumult raves around;
 From boat to ship responds the frantick sound:
 And flies with tenfold anguish to the throne,
 Where *justice* fits, and calls the thunder down.
 Immortal King! in whose impartial eye,
 Nor clime, nor realm superior state enjoy.
 No worm-rais'd station warps thy just decree,
 No tinctur'd skin's a prejudice to thee;
 But to thy sov'reign care the various frame
 Of men and nations finds an equal claim!
 How long wilt thou th' ascending cries withstand!
 How long retain the thunder in thine hand?
 Or dost thou rather from the horrid scene
 Turn thy relenting eye to the soft mien
 Of prostrate *mercy*; who, with streaming eye
 Arrests thy wrath, and puts the tempest by.
 Hast thou dispatch'd her, rob'd in virgin white,
 Thy joyful delegate from realms of light?
 Ah! yes; I see her tread the favour'd land:
 I know the meek-eyed pow'r; she takes her stand,

Where the *selected few*, with sapient care
The gen'rous aims of *liberty* prepare.

The sacred delegates from freedom's throne
Through Afric's soil speed the commission'd boon.
Quick through the joyful land the tidings ring;
Rejoicing crowds th' enfranchis'd blessing sing.
Science awaken'd leads the free-born strain;
And arts and commerce follow in the train.
Rear'd by protecting laws new cities rise,
And heave their turrets to the lucid skies.
Trade lifts his trident o'er the silver tide,
New harbours opens, bids his navies ride;
Sees, unpolluted by oppression's hand,
His honest wealth stream through the joyous land;
His crowded quays heap'd with the guiltless toil,
Iv'ry and gold in many a burnish'd pile,
Drugs, spices, gums, in rich profusion thrown,
And all the treasures of the torrid zone.
Culture emergent o'er the damask plains
Spreads her rich vest, and gaudy Flora reigns.
Where marshes once display'd their sickly green,
Health lifts her roseate face, and points serene
The cot, where mild Content with conscious grace
Smiles on her husband Labour's glowing face.
Pierc'd by no funs, th' interminable wood,
Whose pathless gloom screen'd horror's drear abode,

Opes its long vistas to the cheerful loves :
 And nymphs and sylvans in the scented groves
 (Where demons us'd to haunt the thorny shade)
 Assemble blithe, and sweep th' unfolded glade.

In freedom's train, the ever foremost band,
 The jocund muses skim the happy land.
 Sweet *Poesy* precedes the virgin quire
 Calls Inspiration with her founding lyre :
 Gives to awaken'd verse th' auspicious morn,
 Whose mid-day fire shall quicken bards unborn.

In the full suffrage of immortal strains
 The future *Hayley* of these solar plains,
 Warm'd by the theme, will shake the tuneful shores,
 From Gambia's flood to mild Angola's bow'rs.
 His heav'n-born lay will fire th' enraptur'd throng,
 While neighb'ring realms hang o'er the sacred song,
 That sings, How wafted from the genial isle,
 Whose silver cliffs on circling ocean smile,
 Loose-vested liberty, by *Mercy* led,
 Broke the huge chain, press'd *Slav'ry's* miscreant head,
 Bad rescu'd Nature claim her birth-right boast ;
 And *British* freedom smile on *Afric's* coast.

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